WITH THE SEASONS.

Well I know the reasons:
Sorrow shifts with seasons:
ownward year I would fain be brave.
Tears these eyes remember
In the mid November— Far, far away the rain is on the grave.

Dark the clouds are driven
Low about the even;
Winter's wind a-moan. Fain would I be brave.
Pain is dumbly lying
On this heart of sighing—
Far, far away the snow is on the grave.

Buds and blossoms, breaking
In the year's awaking,
Make the Maytime sweet. Let me now be braw
Something softens sorrow,
Tears it will not borrow.

Far, far away the sun is on the grave.

—A. W. Bellaw in Detroit Free Press.

THE COLONEL'S GIFT.

"Give my consent to your engagement with Arthur Daunt, child? Preposterous! Why, neither of you have been long out of "I am 18, and Arthur is 22, grandpapa."

"Twenty-two!" contemptuously; "a boy! No man should marry until he is 30. But run away, dear, I am busy."
The "Conol," as the villagers called

him, sat at his table engaged with "un-paid" official business. He dipped his pen in the ink, and the fair pleader felt herself

Soldier - Col. Dormant's experier were of the barrack, the camp, canton-ments, years of service in India, a military for him when he was apprised by a Lon-don firm of solicitors that by the will of his godfather he had succeeded to Westhis golfather he had succeeded to West-fields. The intelligence came as a surprise to him; no promise had been given, no hint ever thrown out. He had not seen Westfields for years, he felt that he had neglected the old squire. The colonel was not long making up his mind. No more routine, he would rest; balmy country air

routine, he would rest; balmy country air would be beneficial to the cherub he only seemed to live for.

In a short twelvemenths the rural quietuale of Wrestfields began to pail. He had nothing to do. Hunting, shooting, occupied only a portion of the year, and these pursuits tired him. Some one had perception—there came the suggestion. The colonel humm'd and ha'd, but it gave him pleasure. He had offnand carelessness—it was an honer, certainly. Wes, he would give some portion of his time to the administration of justice. He became interested, sest followed. What was worth doing, was worth doing well. Assiduous in attendance, he became as well versed in petty sessional as in military matters. In the army he had been considered a martinst; on the beach, a "steern" man was the verdict passed upon him.

straight as a dart, though he had reached the allotted span of life. His hair silver, his aspect martial, the heavy cropped mustache adding to the severity of his

The colonel ceased writing. He be-came abstracted. He laid down his pen and marched to the window. He looked out, but it was doubtful whether he saw

out, but it was doubtful whether he saw anything. He was thinking.

Again the demand. It had come upon him once before. He could not by any stretch of complaisance delude himself into an opinion that the marriage had been satisfactory. The husband might have been better than he was. Flighty, impulsive, too fond of dubious relaxation, the young husband had needed the word in season and had taken remonstrance ill. The colonel had almost relief when the regiment was ordered for foreign service. him and his darling. He was never to see her again. Oceans—true child of the foam, atom of life to be fostered by allens. foain, atom of life to be fostered by aliens, to live through buffetings, to accept without murmur, and as if quite natural, the passing from hand to hand, until, orphaned, she found herself under the roof of a tacitura, but doting grand-parent. How the child became part of his being, until he began to apprehend the wrench it would be to part with her, and to dread the appearance of the wooer who would seek to deprive him of his treasure. The colonel's soliloquy was almost audible. "He shall not marry her. She can afford to wait a year or two. Time will-

dible. "He shall not marry her. She can afford to wait a year or two. Time will prove him, and she will be in a better position to judge. She shall see a little more of the world. There's her father's kin, they have expressed a wish to see more of her. They are in the world. If she goes among them, she will see something of society, be presented."

It was what he did not like, sending her among them. He had an uneasy jealous feeling, what if over her they were to exercise some subtle influence, and her unlivited affection be no longerhis. Undivided? Matters could not be more irri-

divided? Mattern could not be more frri-

tating than they were.

The colouel returned to his table, took up his pen, and, after a vicious prod in the init well, resumed his task.

A tip, and the library door again opened. Oceans again presenting herself, the scratch of the colonel's pen became

"You are busy yet, grandpapat" There was disappointment.

The pen was stayed.
"What is it, Oceans?" The colonel laid down his pen to wheel round his chair.
"The post has just brought me a note

from Arthur."

"Well?" The tone was not unkind, but unencouraging. The colonel foresaw that the unwelcome argument was to be re-

The young girl advanced; approaching the old man, she sank on her knees before him. There was appeal in her eyes—implements

"Granipapa, Arthur will be here this afternoon. He will wish to speak to you. You will not be out of the way; you will receive him?

"If you wish it, certainly."
"Grandpapa, he wishes to ask your consent to our engagement—our marriage."
"I can only say to him what I have said to you. Too young, too young. Marriage is a serious matter, not to be lightly undertaken. What safeguard is there? He may not have sown his wild oats"— "He may never begin to sow them if he

The colonel almost frowned. He was not in the mood to be amused with

equivoque.
"I am glad you have advised me; I shall have time to ponder over my an-

"But you will not refuse?"

"But you will not refuse?"

"My dear, I must think for you. I must be guided by what I judge will be best for your future welfare."

The girl arose from her knees, to stand at the muntel, to toy with a bronze Indian kiel. She was wounded.

The old man's eyes rested upon her with an intensity of love and admiration.

She was beautiful—her face was classic, her arm was a model for a sculptor. No, he did not wish to torture her; but to part with her—would life, so desolate, so solitary, he worth lights. olitary, be worth living?
"Ocy, is it that you are tired of living

with an old man? with an old man?"
"No grandpapa," she answered him, quick's, with a tremulous lip and with an carnestness that was almost reproach.
"What is it then?" he saked her, need-

"I like Arthur, very much," she fal-

"Like him?"

"I love Arthur, grandpapa," her voice firm, but her color rising.

"He has said that he loves you, I suppose, and it is sympathy. Here, he has had everything his own way, with never a rival. Possibly, if you were to go out in the world, it might make a difference; you might find yourself less certain. I think I have been to blame, leading a secluded life; it has been unfair to you. I ought to have thought of that."

"I have been happy; I have never desired change."

"You have desire now! Ah. I thought I heard wheels: Well, I will give the matter my most serious consideration. Why yes, it is Hartshorn and a constable, a vagrant between them."

If the colonel had any animus against any genus of man, it was the professional

If the colonel had any animus against any genus of man, it was the professional tramp. The shiftless nomad who was young and lusty had no excuse; there was the queen to serve—under the colors, a man is fed, clothed and kept respectable. Fourteen days; it ought to be fourteen years with such a one, a severe punishment would have a deterrent effect on the whole clan.

whole clan.

A room that was bisarre in its adornment served as "justice room." Arms, harbarian weapons, maps, hunting whips, fishing treds gracing the walls, fishing tackle and gardening tools the corners. Stowed under the tables were croquet and lawn tennis boxes. Though the room was well ordered, a peculiar aroma greeted the nostrils when the door was opened, suggesting dried botanical specimens and garden seeds. Anything that was required for outdoor amusement or occupation was supposed to be findable in this room.

To it the colonel proceeded, leaving his

posed to be findable in this room.

To it the colonel proceeded, leaving his granddaughter standing on the library hearth, melancholy and dispirited.

Evidence against—what evidence could there be for the culprit? The colonel was busily engaged writing out the commitment, when his pen suddenly stopped; there was just a question of fair play.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?"

The vagrant's eyes glittered impudently. He was not an ill looking fellow—his gray locks were moist and in curl. He looked a sea dog demoralized

thing."
"Man, I am ready to listen to you," the colonel returned, severely.

The man's eye did not quail; he met the old soldier's without flinching. He as-luted:

"It's a long time, colonel, since we were

"It's a long time, colonel, since we were at Cawnpore!" echoed the colonel, with a deep drawn breath. "Cawnpore!" he re-peated in a whisper, and with a sigh. His agony blanched his cheek, and caused his chin to tremble. "Were you at Cawn-pore!" he asked the tramp, steadying his voice.

voice.

"I said 'we,'" the tramp reminded him.

"What made you mention that word?"

"I recognized you, the minute I aw you, colonel"—again a salute—"but you weren't colonel then."

"What regiment?" the colonel asked almost deferentially.

"The Oughty-second."

"The brave Oughty-second. Have you your discharge?"

your discharge!"
The colonel understood the look; he

turned to the inspector:
"Hartshorn, you and your man will
step outside, and close the door, please."
Hartshorn complied, feeling that a new
complexion had been put on the case, and
that most likely his quarry would escape

When the door closed the colonel rose from his chair, tears were standing on his

cheeks.
"If you've got such a thing as a penknife, colonel. I didn't want the slops to see where I keep my papers. Once they get hold one's valuables, it isn't a certainty that you get 'em back again. I have it sewed up here."
"I will take your word," said the col-

"That ain't good enough, your honor. You shall see for yourself that I am not humbugging you. It's not the best, but it's regular, such as it is."

There was a snip of threads, and the precious, if dirty, document placed in the colonel's trembling fingers. The colonel was more than satisfied; he handed back the paper, his face twitching.

"You saw that well, you saw the bodies taken out?"

"The vermin at the cannon's mouth," returned the tramp, vengefully, his fists clenched and denunciative.

clenched and denunciative.

"My wife, my darling! Oh, that I had sent her home to her child!"

The colonel's hands were on the vagrant's shoulders. Ha wept over him; he wept for himself. All the cruel past was rovived, the grief and the agony. All his life his sorrow had been with him—self reproach, that he had shared with others incredulity that there was smoldering hat against the Feringhee. hate against the Feringhee.

It was craft, or he was weary of being sobbed over. The vagrant had a jerk of his head. "Won't that fellow be impatient,

The colonel moved to the table, took up the commitment and tore it into shreds; then he opened a door.

"Step inside. You will not mind being in the dark a few moments?"

The colonel closed the door to open the

"Hartsharn, I cannot send this man to bread and water. He has served under the colors. I have seen his discharge. He ought not to be in such straits."

Hartshorn was puzzled, then his eye rested upon the door. There was another way out, the colonel had let the tramp go.

"He's an old hand, your worship. I've had him before—when I was stationed at

had him before—when I was stationed at Moortown."

"I have torn up his commitment. If you apprehend him again do not bring him to me. I would as readily sentence my own flesh and blood."

Hartahorn was not difficult. He was touched, the colonel was agitated. One tramp more or less would make little difference. If he were wax to the colonel, it would not be to his disadvantage. The force was vigilant to meet a certain de-

would not be to his disadvantage. The force was vigilant to meet a certain demand upon it. If he was sure of the like favor and approval he could relax.

"It isn't for me to question your decision, your worship."

The colonel held out his hand. "You're a good fellow, Hartshorn, but I've always thought it. It shall not be to your disadvantage or discredit if for once a man escapes his deserts."

a m in escapes his deserts."

The colonel rang, Hartshorn and his colleague understanding.

"What have you done with your prisoner?" the butler asked, mystified, surprised to see both policemen.

"The colonel's let him go."

"Let him go? Phew, wonders will never cease! But I haven't seen the man pass my pantry window. What can be the reason; he's so dead upon a tramp?"

"An old soldier"—

"The butler nodded saylently. Hartshorn laughed. "An old hand," he said; "I've seen him before."

"You don't think the celonel's done?!"

"I'd on't always say what I think,"

"I don't think the calonel's done?".

"I don't always say what I think,"
said Hartaborn, grasping his gless with a
capacious hand.

The police vehicle drove away, but not
before the colonel had opened the door
where the varient stood concealed.

"If I can find you employment, will you
stay?"

stay?"
"I'm much obliged, your honor, but
"I'm making my way to Curdid to a mate

"You shall be fed. Here is money. I would advise you to avoid Moortown; come this way." The colonel led the way to the servants' hall, wrung the man's hand, and left him.

seated on a milestone, blowing a cloud. In the village, with the colonel's gratuity, he had been enabled to provide himself with a relay of tobacco.
"Whit larks!" ejaculated he between
whiffs. "If Sodjer Bill comes this way

and spins his yarn they'll be rough on him. I thought when I sneaked the bit o' paper he was so choice of, it might old colonel about here that had been in the mutiny, and at Cawnpore when he was (puff, puff). I wish I'd another jug of the old buffer's ale here (puff, puff). Well, I'm dashed, if I remembered to give back to the old bloke his cheese parer." The vagrant viewed the pen-knife approvingly, "it'll be a bad job if I

can't get a tunner on it." The colonel returned to the library, but his granddaughter was not there. He went to an escritoire, and, opening a drawer, took out an old fashioned case, the stamped velvet within of a seedy bue, the daguerreotype solarized, almost faded out. But, though the portrait was so shadowy, the face was visible to the colonel, as clearly as on the day when it gave him pleasure to receive it.

"My poor murdered darling!" he mur-mured, with a sob. He sat, the portrait in his hand, oblivious of the passing hours. He heard nothing, not the tap on the door; he did not hear Oceana open it, or see her when she entered the room.

"Grandpapa?" ejaculated she softly. He closed the case gently, to hurrically restore it to its drawer. "Did you not hear the cong?"
"No. I—the fact is, I have been a little

"Ambler tells me you have allowed the poor man to go. How good of you!"

"He was an old soldier, Cecana. He—
was at Cawapore"— The colonel's was at Cawnpore"— The colonel's voice had a hush in it. He rose to his feet; he felt them a little unsteady, himself a little giddy. But he quickly recovered himself.

Oceana was observant; she was caxcases trouble you. I would not attend to regularly. Let Hertshorn to elsewhere." "Yes, I think so; he shall. I think I

will rest more." Oceans could not recall a luncheon so dull. If the colonel was not a humorist, he attempted humor, and he talked of something, or drew out Mrs. Maux. But The colonel rose from the table, Mrs.

Maux following suit, to pass through the door the colonel held open. But Oceana still sat in a reverie, to become conscious

that her grandfather was lingering.
"Grandpapa, Arthur will be here
shortly. Will he find you in the library!"
She did not turn her head. "Do not be anxious, child," her grand-father said, sympathetically, "I shall not be hard. I could not be hard with anyone today.'

Still he lingered. A certain reserve that even his grandchild had been unable to pierce seemed to be slipping away from him. He returned to place his hand under Oceana's chin, and stooping, kissed the lips of the upturned face fondly and tear-

"Oceans, I think after all it will be better not to send him to me; I do not feel equal to seeing him today. I will write to him. I know what he will urge; it will be a pang to me to give you up—but he will understand." She heard the library door close, then

she ran upstairs. In a few minutes she was down again. Entering the drawing room, she placed a chair in the bay, he eyes strained towards the highway. screen of trees did not completely block the view. But she was impatient. She raised the sash an inch; her ears would acquaint her sooner than her eyes. Yes, she caught the click of horse's hoofs; it was not many moments, and the ruler saw her, holding high his

whip.
Arthur Daunt rode away a little disappointed. How odd the colonel was?
Could not see him, would write. He had counted upon staying to dinner an hour after with Oceana. He must be thankful for small mercies; the dear girl appeared

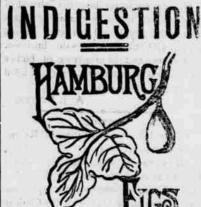
The geng sounded. The butler won-dered, his master was so punctilious. Ambler entered the dining room. Oceana and Mrs. Maux were standing at the fire. "The colonel, where is he, Ambler?"
"I think he is in the library, Miss Oceana. I will go-perhaps he did not

hear the gong."

Ambler tapped at the library door, to enter the room. The colonel was asleep, his arms extended on his writing table, his face bent low. Ambler spoke, but the colonel paid no heed to him. Ambler waited a few moments, uncertain, then was bold enough to approach his master. In the colone's hands was a photograph case, open; at his side a folded document, on which Ambler read "Will." Ambler touch the colonel; there was no response. He raised his master and caw that he was dead, and that he had covered an open note on which was written:

"Dear Arthur: I give Oceana to you. Be good to her. Excepting a few legacies, I have bequeathed everything to her.
Yours faithfully, Huon Donn' NT."
--Edwin Whelpton in Delgravia.

It is reported that the sales of the five leading American magazines that are re-issued in England are greater in that country than the aggregate sales of the twenty-five magazines published in the United Kingdom.—Now Orleans Times-



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ried daughter. I was stone broke, and Notice of Transmuted Homestead Proof.

> (Homestead Application No. 213.) UNITED STATES LAND FFICE.

TUCSON, Arizons, Sept. 20, 1887. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has fi ed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of hi claim, and that said proof will be made before the Reg ster and Receiver of the U. S. land office at Tuc Arizona, on the 19th day of November, 1887, viz. Simon Madrid of I'res Alamos, Arizona, fo the W 1/2 of the N 1/2 and E 1/2 N W 1/2 Sec 21. I'wp 16 S R 20 E, Gila and Sult kiver meri-

He names the 'ellowing witnesse to preve his continuous residence upon, and cultivati n of, said land, viz: Romaldo Torres, Pablo Morcasitas, Miguel Rosas, Feliz Ruis, all of

A. D. DUFF, Register.

Notice of Homestead Proof.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, TUESON, Ariz., Sept. 29, 1887.

Notice is hereby giver that the follow ng named settler has filed notice of his intention to make fin il procf in support of his claim, and that said proof will te made before the Register and Receiver of the U.S. land office at Tueson Ariona, on the 22d day of November. 1887, viz.; Jesu Dias, of Tres A amos, A. T., for the W. M. and N. E. M. of S. W. M. and S. W. M. of N. W. M. Sec. 32. The p. 15. S. R. 20 E.

He names he following with a session from his continuous residence up in and cultivation of sai land, viz. A tenis G ijalva, J. D. Aden, Antonia Conaderale, Roman Pacheso, II of Beuson, Arizola.

A. D. DUFF, Register.

In the Justic's Cout of Precinct No. 6 B or D K. Wadwel, a Justice of the

W. Bli, plantiff, vs. Bubara kecky, as Slay, de enda t an i non-re ident. Au-

All Her ito yof Alizona to Bartara Recay, at Ma, does art.

You are n reby auremond and required to appear at donswer the completion of pia n iff, at m, the it the ylags of Fatbank Connection y, ler try of Arizona, within five clays, though this unimous be sived upon you with this promit; if served upon you with the promits and the promits of the prom without this poice of but within this county, ten , otherwis twenty days, (excluding the day of a role is twenty days, (excluding the day of a role is, rom the day this summons is served upon sou. I is action is brought to recover jungment against you for the sum of \$30 due, and if if row months rent of a none occupied by y u a Fairb nk an costs of sir; and your are ho by nothed that should you fail to appear and ensurer sid complaint within the time stated, the said plumiff will apply to the cour, for s id judyment against you for said sum, and all costs. sum- and all costs."

Given under myhand at myoffice at Fairbank, echise County, Arizona, this 3 i day o Octo-D. K. WARDWELL,
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UNITED STATES I AND OFFICE TUCSON, Aria, eptember 2, A. D. 1887.
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

APPLICATIONS FOR PATENT.

(First Publication Sept. 10, 1887.)

APPLICATION FOR E. S. PATENT NO. 489.

letice of Application of Charles W. Lench

for a U. S. Patent for North Point

lotice of the Application of W. J. Taylor for a Patent to the Perseverance

Wining Claim. UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, TUCSON, Ariz., September 2, A. D. 1887. Fo AEL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
Notice is hereby given that W. J. Taylor, whose postoffice address is Tembstone, Arizona, has filed his application in this office for a U. S. patent to eleven hundred and thirty-five and 3-10 linear feet of the Perswerance mining claim, vein, lode or mineral deposit, bearing sliver and gold, with surface ground six hundred eet in width, lying and being situates within the Tombstone Mining District, County of C. chose and Territory of aricona. And the rid W. J. Tay or is about making application through this office to the United States for a patent to said unning claim, which said claim is more fully and particularly decribed as to me te and bounds by the official plat and field in tes of the survey thereof, now on file in the UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

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APPLICATIONS FOR PATENT.

(First Publication Sept. 10, 1887.) APPLICATION FOR U. S. PATENT NO. 490

folice of Application of Charles W. Leach for a Patent to the southern Belle

Mining Claim.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, TUCSON, VILE, S. ptember 2, A. D. 1887.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.
TOCAON, Area, "expensible 2. A. D. 1839.*

TO ALL WINNEY IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that Charles W.
Leach whose postome address is Tumber of the Concern of the Arther States, plant fact an application in this office ither. Feet of the North Point main; calling, which, todo or mileral deposit, bearing as were and good, with surface art mouth, lying and being situ-ted in the Tombstone Mining District, country of Cochise and that the Market M. Leach Leach

Northwest by the S. Ex. Grand Central Lot No 43. The same claim being designated as Lot No. 199, and survey No 815 on the official plat of said mining claim filed with the Register of the land office as afore-aid.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the mining ground, vein lode or premises or any part there of, so described, surveyed, platted and retent explicit for are breathy notified that the patent applied for, are hereby notified that un-less their adverse claims are duly filed with the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Tucson, in the Territory of Arizona, during the sixty days sublication of this notice, they will be forever barred from asserting any such claims. And I hereby order hat this notice be publish d for ten (10) weeks in the Tombstone Weekly EPITAPH, a newspaper published in the Town of Tombstone, in the County of

six feet lang, merced W. T. D. M. C. Post 4; the exception more sent containing a cost set, to a location more sent containing a cost 4x6 inches and six feet long, harked W. T. D. M. C. Post 5; thene'S 37° cof E. 1500 feet to a location menument containing a post 4x6 inches, and six feet long, marked ** T. D. M. C. Post 6; thene's N. 61° 4x5 300 feet to a monument containing post I. W. T. D. M. C. the place of beginning of the exterior boundary, and containing an area of 20.45 acres; the said mining claim seing also of second in the office of the County Recorder of Cochine County, in the Territary of Arizona. The presumed general course or direction of the said White Tailed Deer vein, lode or mineral deposit being shown, as near as can be known from present develop-Deer vein, lode or mineral deposit being shown, as near as can be known from present developments upon the plat thereofficed with the Register of the Land Office as aforesaid, this claim, and the patent now applied for being for fifteen hundred linear feet thereof, together with the surface cround shown upon said official plat; the said claim, vein, lode and mining premises hereby sought to be patented, being bounded as follows, to with the NE by the Sweepstakes M. C.; on the N W by the Little Jake M. C.; S W by the Cambridge M. C.; and on the S E by the Deer Park M. C. The said claim being designated on said official plat as lot No. 60, and survey No. 816.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the miring ground, vein, lode or premises, or any portion thereof, so surveyed platted, described and patent applied for, are rereby notified that unless their adverse claims are duly filed with the Register of the U. S. Land Office, at Tucson, in the Territory of Arisona, during the

the Register of the U.S. Land Office, at theson, in the Territory of Arisona, during the
sixty days publication of this no ice they will be
for v r barred from a sixting any such claims.
Add hereby order that this notice be publihed for ton 100 consecutive works, in the
week yis use of the combitione Weekly EPITAPH
a newstap r rublished in the Town of Tombstore in the County of Cochine and Territory
of Alice.

A. D. DUFF, Register.

CHARLES GRANVILLE JOHNSTON,

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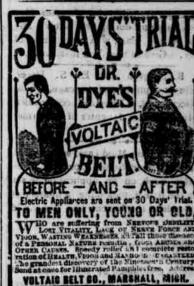
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